The CHIMES

Mid-winter Issue

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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THE CHIMES

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The Editorial Staff is most deeply appreciative of the spontaneous support of those pupils who have submitted articles and stories for our school paper. We should have a much larger list of contributors. To produce the best possible school paper we need the varied talent of the whole school. Send in something for the next issue.

CAN YOU SAIL IT?

The landsman sees the sailor trying for a position in the harbor where he can anchor his boat safely. It all looks clumsy to the landsman. The sailor has tacked about four times before he lets down his anchor.

"I could do as well as that," boasts the landsman.

Now maybe he could, but I think not. We will put him in a sailboat and watch him.

With the mooring buoy overboard and the sails up, he sallies forth for an hour of good time. He takes his place at the helm. After clearing the harbor, he tacks into the wind. The wind does not want to fill the sail readily. An unexpected lurch of the boat brings the boom on his head. He recovers from the blow, and lets out some sail. Look out, landsman, or you will go overboard! He succeeds in pulling in the sail.

For the next half-hour he sails before the wind. At the end of this period he comes upon a small group of islands off the coast of Hull. He considers himself a very good seaman; he has come a mile and a half and has had no accidents. He dodges a couple of smaller islands only to go upon a sandbar. He has to go into the cold water to get the boat off. As he rounds the next bend, the breeze shifts and drives him against the bank. A sudden port tack puts his bowsprit in splinters.

As he pulls down the jib, the boat drifts with the current. This brings him upon a narrow stream that flows between two long islands. If he has any common sense, he will let the boat glide along with the stream. But instead of letting the boat

drift, he drives it into the bank about ten times before he finally gets clear of the stream.

As the landsman is tired, he sets out for home. He has no idea how to beat against the wind. On a port tack he goes seaward. Coming back on a starboard tack, he nearly strikes the large rock that marks the channel. By swinging, first from one tack, then to the other, he makes his way to the harbor.

The task of picking up the mooring buoy is not so easy as it looks. The landsman makes a vow that he will never go out in a sailboat again.

Why do people insist on saying that they can do things better than the man who has studied for the position, and who has had practical experience in it?

H. Cole '25

CROSS WORD PUZZLES

Another craze has hit the Western Hemisphere. It isn't another song, as "Yes, We Have No Bananas" or "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More". This rage of attempting to solve cross word puzzles is so much worse that the other crazes are nothing compared to it.

Prisoners, ministers, old men, young men, women, children, the insane and the once-normal,—all are bravely puzzling over the brain-teasers. Every newspaper, magazine, pictorial, or leaflet devotes part of one page to these irresistible black and white spaces. It has reached the point where it is unsafe for a disliker of these puzzles even to step out of the house. Every street car, railroad train, bus, or jitney is loaded down with puzzlers who, forgetting all laws of etiquette, dash wildly up to an unknown person and excitedly demand some synonym for an African ant, or the name of the God of Foolishness.

If a married man wants any supper, he has to burn up the paper or his wife will drop everything until she has solved the puzzle. School children forget their studies until the puzzle is done. Fathers sit up until two o'clock in the morning and then give up in despair.

Only one person profits by this craze; he is the honorable Mr. Webster, the author of Webster's dictionary. He has built three new factories and turns out dictionaries by the thousands. Every dictionary is guaranteed to contain the following words: a South American bird, a printer's measure, the three-toed sloth, and also the correct meaning for the possessive pronoun (?) "my".

John Prouty '26

THE SPORTSMAN

There is a man who faces Fate, who stands unflinching with smiling lips before the dreaded ogre, Misfortune. There is a man who steadfastly sticks to his beliefs while others taunt or waver. There is a man whose fists clench at unfair play, a man who fights on alone when friends desert. There is a man who gives all for his country. There is a man who in the midst of misfortunes, forgets not that Fate has dealt harder with some; a man who lives,—whose pulses throb with the joys of life. There is a man who protects—in whose heart are courtesy for age and weakness. There is a man whose watchword is untarnished honor; a man who loves his God and is unafraid. Who is this man? He is the Sportsman of Life.

RAY ELLIS, '26.

LEADERSHIP IN THE SCHOOL

In every school there are leaders; some are chosen for their knowledge of the various undertakings, some because they are popular, but most are chosen, especially in a small-town school because they belong to the "bunch."

This "bunch" consists of a few individuals who try to run the school, and who, if they cannot have their own way, make things disagreeable for every one else. If, at the beginning of the year, there is an election of officers for an organization, the "bunch" get together and choose one of their own members for a candidate and vote for her. They persuade all those who do not care which way they vote, to vote for their candidate. There may be a more desirable candidate, but who will vote for her? Those who would vote for her are so few that they are easily outnumbered by the bunch. There are always some in a school, who vote for the person whom they think most adapted to the position. They are not influenced by the "bunch" and do not indulge in petty politics. But these few cannot bring about the ideal conditions that should exist in schools, any more than one or two people could bring about another French Revolution. There must be a unity of feeling and a common sentiment among the students to accomplish any aim. Here is an illustration of the conditions that exist in schools:

Marion was elected captain of the baseball team; she really did not care for the game or play well, but she belonged to the "bunch". Nancy, on the other hand, liked the game and played exceedingly well when given a chance. But when the team was on trial, Nancy became nervous because of the cries of "Say! What do you want—a barn door?" and "Hey! Are you stuck to the plate?" and struck out. Marion was at the bat. She also struck out, but was there a fuss made this time?

You know there was not. Why? Because she belonged to the "bunch."

At volley ball the "bunch" line up in front of the net where all the fun and excitement are. If one of the "dubs" (we will call them) get in front, she is pushed, jumped on, and kicked about until she retires to the rear. If the ball goes to those in back as it occasionally does, there are cries of "Hey! Come on with that ball," or "Say! this isn't a corner game," from those in front.

When they think they are not getting enough, they kick. Why do not some of the "dubs" kick? If these conditions persist, there will never be real school spirit or co-operation among the students. Why cannot the conditions be so fixed that every one will have an equal chance?

AN INVITATION

What ho, good friend, woulds't enjoy life? Travel with me awhile. I am jolly Mr. Wait-a-bit, and you surely must meet my family. I am certain that you will love my father, Mr. A-little-behindhand, and my dreamy-eyed mother, Never-on-time. Here comes our dear sister, By-and-by, to welcome you; and my happy-go-lucky brother, Some-other-day.

Come out to our beautiful castle. We call it Manana, which is Spanish and means "tomorrow." Who would live in today, when there are thousands of tomorrows, and only one today? We have a wonderful chef, called Monsieur Late. While we do not ever have meals at any regular time, we do not mind a little thing like that; because we are never ready to eat when he rings the dinner bell.

Day or night is all the same to us; we so despise arising in the morning, and we positively hate to go to bed at night. As for lessons, well, we long ago were obliged to cast them out; they came with such dreadful regularity.

When we travel, we have to engage a special vehicle, because the railroads have engineers and conductors with such rude manners. They start their trains before we reach the station, and toot their derision at us, in their ill-bred haste to begone.

We do not work much, for the reason that no one seems to want us long. Our dollars are few, but one can borrow, and pay on some future tomorrow. We would not cheat anyone, though old Grandfather Time scolds and raves at us a great deal.

We belong to the lodge of Ne'er-do-Wells. And as folks say we clutter up the earth, and they don't seem to want us around, we spend most of our time drifting down the Lazy river in our good boat, Shiftless. The rocks of Jail and Poor House are always looming in our way, but our mate Rage, and Captain Poverty try to dodge them. We have learned to avoid

the rapids of Pride and Ambition, and Mr. Gutter will welcome us when we reach old age in the city of Failures. So why should we worry; it is a merry life, no lessons, no jobs, no bosses, no nothing. Want to come?

H. Eaton, '26

IMAGINATION

Imagination is defined as the "picturing power or act of the mind." How wonderful is imagination! It will take us to any land in which we wish to delve and also to lands that no one else knows of but ourselves. The person who is without imagination has surely never lived. Imagination is a great play fellow.

To sit among a large gathering of people, in the South Station for instance, and watch the crowds of people that go hurrying along, gives the imagination interesting subjects upon which to dwell. Immediately various questions pop into the mind. Where do all these people come from? Where are they going? Who are they? How do they live?

Unconsciously we find ourselves putting those who are the most striking into homes. The ragged little urchin we can picture in some dark alley way in the city. The stately woman we think of as presiding over the tea table. We can put these people in their settings very easily. How do we do it?

We judge first by clothes and secondly by faces. People's clothes give a clue as to their knowledge of how to dress appropriately and becomingly. Clothes also give a clue as to whether a person is rich or poor. Some people are attired in the most gaudy of colors, others tend strictly to only one, while still others hit the happy medium. A person's face gives an impression of his attitude towards life in general. As we watch the crowds, we see faces that look happy and smiling, faces furrowed by anxiety and care, and faces that seem as if they would never smile. These features furnish the foundation, and imagination paints the rest.

Isn't imagination a wonderful thing? Could you imagine being without it?

Bessie Monahon, '26.

GREY DAYS

Grey days come to everyone. There are times when it seems as if everything had gone wrong, as if all our friends had left us, and as if all our hard work had amounted to nothing; and our hopes and ambitions seem far from being realized. We all get grouchy, and wish to crawl into a corner and mope. Or if we are compelled to go about our work, we do it with long faces as if all the trouble in the world had

settled on our shoulders. Thousands have written songs and verses about smiling when things go wrong. We all have heard the advice and we know it to be good, yet we seldom follow it. Many preach it but few practice it. It is easier to mope than to be gay when things go wrong, and we usually do. It is hard to square our shoulders, lift up our chins and smile; yet there is no adage better and no one gets far who does not live up to it. There are different ways of getting rid of the blues, different ways appealing to different people. Book lovers turn to their faithful friends, their well-worn books; many seek to help their fellow-beings; and nearly all find a solace in Nature.

Everyone, rich and poor, old and young, has his trouble and his happiness. It is all in Life's game, and those who take their hardships bravely, with lifted chin and smiling lips, win the reward—happiness and success.

H. L. W. '26

ALUMNI NOTES

The Editorial Staff wishes me to express their thanks to the Alumni who have subscribed to THE CHIMES. This means much toward the building up of our paper.

Class notes are given below:

George Murphy, '24, is now working in Boston for the Massachusetts Bond and Insurance Company.

Martha Lincoln, '24, is employed in the office of George Keith in East Weymouth.

Amy Frye, '24, is training to be a nurse at the Children's Hospital.

Helen Jellows, '24, has completed her services at the Scituate Post Office, and is employed by Mr. Yenetchi.

Velma Pelrine, '23, has a new position in Boston with the First National Bank.

Mary O'Hern, '23, has just completed a course at Bryant and Stratton and is working for the New England Dairy & Food Council, Boston.

Evelyn Clapp, '22, is working for the United Shoe Machinery Company, Boston, Mass.

Dorothy Damon, '20, is a stenographer connected with the Library Bureau, Boston, Mass.

Grace Waterman, '18, is teaching school in Wellesley, Mass.

Annie Wilder, '17, is cost accountant in the Suffolk Engraving Company, Cambridge, Mass.

Madolyn Murphy, '14, has returned from California, and is now employed as librarian in Southbridge, Mass.

Lillian MacQuarrie, '14, is now Mrs. Andrew Finnie.

Mildred Litchfield, '14, is teaching school in Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. Frederic L. Wright, (Miss Marion Cole), '12, is living in Palo Alto, California and has two sons.

The son of Laurence Haywood, '12, recently died from the effects of a mastoid.

BARBARA BROWN,
Alumni Editor.

LITERARY

A NIGHT WITH THE TYPEWRITERS IN SCITUATE HIGH

A typewriter rose in the stilly night and drew closer her cover for warmth, as she crept down the lonely halls. Her teeth chattered in fright, but her woes drove her on. On each stair she paused to search and peer around in the feeble light cast by the moon.

"Oh, where can they be," she moaned, and moaning crooned this song.

"I search, and I search, and I search in vain,
For letters I never may find again,
From words misspelled, I'm in such pain
My ink has all rushed to my brain."

The Remington woke from his sleep with a groan. "What is this voice in the night?" he cried, and his aged frame shook with fear. Closer he pulled the cover over his head, and drew the bar a little tighter. "Can't an old fellow get a little decent rest at night?" he muttered. "I work hard all day and if my sleep is broken like this, I know that some day I shall go all to pieces. Ah!—who would care, already I hear them finding fault with the old fellow that has served them so well and so long. My teeth may be a little loose and my frame a bit shaky, but after a good drink of fresh oil, I feel all the courage of a younger fellow and can do my bit with pride."

Thus musing he grew wide awake. "I'll show them," he whispered. "I'm not afraid," and with creaking bones he rose. "Come, comrade," said he to the Underwood who slept near him. "I can see you are awake also and that your frame trembles with fear. Let us face this spook that roams the old school hall, and protect young Miss Royal here, who seems to have swooned, so pale and still she lies in the moonlight."

"Why, bust my ribbon! If Miss Woodstock hasn't dis-

appeared entirely. Carried off, I'll wager, by this fearsome goblin in yonder hall. We must arm ourselves and fight this creature, good Underwood. It is the full of the moon, when witches ride and goblins dire with banshees dance and work their evil spells, but at cock crow their power ceases and methinks the hour is near. Still, thy clicking teeth. My own ink is chilled with horror of the unseen, and of the empty place that so lately held the beautiful form of our charming little friend.

"Let us speed away to the rescue. We'll hurl our longest words, our most ungrammatical sentences at the foe; banish the fiend with words that have no meaning, that are, and yet are not; floor him with words of fearful force; call Miss Woodstock to life if he has charmed her, with soft sentences from the poets, that we know so well. Forever and a day, we will banish this demon from our Scituate High, and arise a great dust with dry business letters that shall blow him into the next country."

So saying, they bravely passed out into the hall. Peering over the banister, they beheld the lady of their search, weeping and moaning, as she passed into the library trailing her black robe behind her.

"Methinks," said Remington softly, "the lady walketh in her sleep."

"I will shake my keys," said Underwood, "she must be awakened gently."

So saying, he boldly entered the library and ran his fingers lightly over the entire alphabet.

"Oh, my friends, I am sleeping," sighed dolefully the gentle Miss Woodstock. "Have I, in my selfishness, robbed you two of your needed rest?"

"We care not about that, so that you are safe," spoke Remington. "But why, pray tell me, do you roam and grieve so, this chilly night?"

"Alas, alas, 'tis many a night since I have really slept," she sadly replied. "I have endured so many hours of careless usage. I have been obliged to endure the disgrace of so many errors and mispelled words credited to me. My shame drives me forth to search for the lost letters that should be mine."

"You are young," spoke old Remington, "and will become hardened to such treatment. I can well remember that in my youth I suffered the same sorrow. I will quote you a poem written by my old friend, Elsie Smith if I can remember it; it ran like this:

'They come to learn
They come to learn
They fritter their time away,
And the words misspelled
And the task half done
Shall bring regrets some day.

The want of the knowledge
They could have had
The chances they threw away,
Shall live in their hearts
With a memory sad
And sting when heads are gray.' "

A soft patter of applause rang on the keys of Miss Woodstock.

"Now," said old Remington, "if you will excuse me, seeing that you are safe and in good hands, I will try and get a few hours sleep. Au revoir."

When the last rattle of his departure had died away, Underwood turned softly to the tear-stained maiden and whispered, "Ah, come my beautiful one, let not thy sad tears rust thy keys, or mar thy shining varnish. Behold, I long have loved thee. See, dear one, the sun rises yonder over the tower and it is already a new day. I, thy lover, promise thee that on this very day all thy lost letters shall be restored to thee. I will beseech Miss Elliott to compel these careless pupils to rewrite every sentence and every misspelled word. Ah, my dear one, come and rest thee, we have still a few hours. I have a beautiful new purple ribbon to give thee, which I will bind across thy head as a sign of our betrothal."

"Oh," sighed the maiden happily, "you are such a fast wooer."

"Yes," said Underwood, "I come from a very speedy family. My father was noted as a very rapid, speedy man, and I take after him.

"None knows, but I too, have suffered. Some days my ink rushed madly through all my frame and I feel I can outrace the swiftest airplane and roar like the ocean in mad joy. Those are usually the days some Junior plays a funeral march on my keys. It must be dreadful to live as long as they do, if they are always so dull and slow. But let us away, my dear one; we must not chatter longer about them or we will be all worn out before our time. Sweet rest to you, dear, and quiet keys. Good night."

"Good Night."

H. Eaton, '26.

IMPRESSIONS

Springtime,
A tall and stately maid,
Whose golden hair and gentle ways
Bring soft winds and balmy days.

Summer,
A dancing, joyous child
With sea-blue eyes and a charming smile
Brings holidays and fun the while.
Autumn,
A sprightly, roguish elf
Whose tripping toes and fingers light
Turn grass and leaves to colors bright.
Winter,
Cold and dark and drear
With snow-white coat and icy beard
Paints o'er the land a picture weird.

M. COLE '25

JEAN FINDS A THRILL

As they walked slowly up the hill toward their home, Jean said to her mother, "I wish thrilling things would happen in real life as they happened in the play this afternoon."

"I think you will find, as you grow older, that thrilling things do happen. But they do not seem like the thrills in a story book or play, but more like great monsters which terrify us. When I was a girl, I went through a great fire. I lost many things dear to me, and for months afterward I would awake from terrifying dreams, during which I lived again that terrible night."

As she spoke, she unlocked the door and started toward the kitchen with some groceries she had bought. In a little back hall she stopped in amazement. As Jean entered the hall, her mother pointed silently. The cellar door, which had been left locked, had been forced and two axes left beside it.

"Thieves!" her mother whispered. They went softly into the dining room and examined the silver. They found that none was missing. Then they went upstairs with great fear. When they entered the chamber, they found that the bureau drawers had been turned upside down on the bed and the contents strewn everywhere.

"Thank goodness we wore our rings and watches," said Jean's mother.

"And my fur coat. How lucky that I wore it in spite of the rain," added Jean.

She went into her bedroom. Everything was in chaos. She thought immediately of her pearl ring, which was very valuable and of unusual and intricate design. It was many years old and had been left to her by a great aunt. She looked hastily through the clutter and found nothing. She searched again but to no avail. The ring was gone.

Her mother had gone directly to her closet where a tiny cupboard was built into the wall in which she kept her valuables and money. It had not been opened, but two screw

drivers and a pair of pliers were lying beside it. It seemed as though the thieves must have been frightened away.

"Hello!" Jean's brother Dick announced his arrival by slamming the door and bounding up the stairs two steps at a time.

Jean and her mother came out into the hall.

"Why the sad and gloomy faces?" asked Dick. "Was the play so depressing?"

"There have been thieves in the house," said his mother.

After he had heard the story, Dick went to his room. He announced a loss of fifty dollars.

"And I had a hundred and fifty in my room. Now will you laugh at me for hiding my money in small quantities about the room?"

"I guess we will have to admit that it saved you this time," answered Jean.

The police were notified. Day after day passed, and Jean had no hope of ever seeing her valuable ring again. She was depressed and terrified and had quite made up her mind that thrills were often no fun.

A month passed and still no clue had been found. As Jean felt particularly gloomy one rainy Saturday noon when she left the office, she decided to go to the movies. As she sat waiting for the picture to begin, she idly watched the people about her. In the next seat was an attractive and well-dressed girl. Jean noticed her chic hat of brown velour and her smartly tailored dress. Her eye strayed to the girl's hand. She gasped and leaned closer. Yes, the ring on the girl's hand was her stolen pearl. That unusual setting could not be mistaken. She thought quickly, and quietly rising, went in search of a policeman to whom she told her story. Detectives were called and the girl pointed out. At the end of the picture the girl was detained and questioned. For a few minutes she feigned indignation and asserted her rightful ownership. But when she found that there was no escape, she gave complete information regarding her possession of the ring. She was in league with the thieves and had often helped them in daring burglaries by her pretty face and her ability to act another's role. Through the girl's information her colleagues were caught.

"I know when the game's up," she said. "And I'm sick of the crooked road. It will be good not to be forever in fear of capture."

So Jean recovered her ring and was instrumental in the capture of three notorious thieves.

And thus ended her first thrill.

H. L. W. '26

A SEAGULL

Out, out, o'er a roving sea,
Out, out, where the wind blows free.
Up, up, in a cloudless sky,
Down, down, where the waves ride by,
Out, out, where freedom lies,—
There are places a seagull flies.

Out, out, where the storm king roars,
Out, out, past the rocky shores,
Up, up, on a wave's white crest,
Down, down, on its billowy breast,
Out, out, o'er the deep blue sea,—
That's where a seagull's happy and free.

H. M. HEALY '26

WONDER WHAT A TELEPHONE OPERATOR THINKS ABOUT?

A very interesting diversion is that of listening to the conversation of the different members of the family as they are called to answer the phone.

Usually father's calls all pertain to business matters. He answers his calls in an abrupt, brisk voice, his line going something like this:

"Mr. Jones speaking. What, the Blackstone agent? O yes! Yes! Fine, meet you at quarter to one on Thursday at the Ritz. Thank you, good-day."

Of course if the person at the other end of the wire is some especial pal of dad's, the conversation is more personal and usually decidedly humorous.

Mother, on the other hand, sits down to a good hour of gossip with her neighbor. Her conversation runs like this:

"The club, oh yes. Who do you suppose will be the next president? Mrs. Brown? Why my dear she can't even run her own house let alone managing a woman's club. Yes, they asked me to do it, but of course I said no—."

And so forth; every bit of politics, local or national is discussed by mother. Now that women have gained the vote they evidently think it is up to them to prove that they are capable of fulfilling their exalted position.

Sister, when called to the phone, pats her hair, powders her nose and sometimes even changes her dress before she is able to answer. Very likely it proves to be a chum of sister's and their conversation progresses thus:

"Oh, is that you Ma-bel? Well, I've got something wi-ld to tell you. Didja see those lovely hats for only a dollar? Raymond's basement, marked down. Yes. No—Who? Sam Black? Oh, My de-ah he's a regular King Tut, either that or a soup sandwich, eh?"

And thus she rambles on for maybe a half-hour or more while the rest of the family sit around and groan at the seemingly useless chatter buzzing over the line. Why, in half that time dad could be putting over a dozen important deals, and mother—why mother could say as much as sister in one-tenth the time. No line of fluff for her either, plain facts were good enough for mother.

Meanwhile, Jim, the youngest member of the household wears a woe-begone look on his map of innocence. He has promised faithfully to call up his best pal, Buddy B. to see whether the aforesaid could go on a camping expedition. Now that "sis" has the phone, there is no hope of ever calling Buddy; for Jim has been warned not to call Master Buddy's mother during supper time as that is the worst time to approach her. Consequently if Jim waits, the senior member of Buddy's family will arrive home and then hope will be entirely abandoned.

After much gritting of teeth and inward swearing, Jim finally secures his sister's wandering gaze and frantically motions his desires.

With a mask-like expression on her face, sister continues to ramble. Five minutes more pass, and suddenly she has hung up the receiver and is again patting her marcelled think-tank.

With a gasp of relief Jim springs for the instrument of worry.

Getting Buddy he gulps, "This is Jim, canyago? Ya can? Oh gosh, gee whiz! She did? When? Tomorrow? Awright, goo'-by."

And so the conversation goes, sometimes differing in thought but usually following the same trend.

Have you a little telephone in your home? If you have, listen in sometimes; "c'est très amusant."

MARGARET L. COLE '25

HOW THE FLAG HELPED FRED

Fred was just getting over a case of mumps. He had thought it quite the thing when he first was taken sick, for every other boy in the neighborhood had three weeks' "vacation" about that time. When he caught cold with them, it had not seemed quite so funny. So after three weeks' illness, here he was at Grandfather's place in the country recuperating.

Grandfather had a wonderful place, Fred thought, from the big farmhouse out through the fields to the old windmill, that rose from the top of the hill. He never had thoroughly explored that windmill and this he intended to do.

It was mid-winter, and such a winter. Ice and snow everywhere. Grandfather said it reminded him of the winter they were snowed in and had to tunnel their way out to the stock.

One morning after breakfast, Fred decided it was a good time to climb the windmill. Out he went, all bundled up as warm as heavy knitted things could make him. The windmill stairs went round and round inside. At the top of the staircase was a door that opened out onto a sort of a veranda, circling the top of the mill. The flagpole was on the other side, and from it waved Old Glory, where it could be seen for miles around.

Out upon this veranda Fred carefully climbed. The ice and snow was hardened on the floor and made the footing precarious indeed.

"If I could only get around by the flagpole," he thought, "I could see all around the place. Maybe I could see Grandfather coming home."

Cautiously he edged nearer, grasping the rail tightly. At last he stood just in front of the flag. As he gazed downward, he saw a team coming up the road. It was Grandfather. He had been sure he could see him. But what was that cracking sound? Something was giving way. He was slipping.

With horror he realized the railing was breaking. He tried to step back, but it was too slippery. He slipped forward and as the rail broke, he fell over the edge. What was that that flapped in his face? The flag! He grabbed it frantically and held on for dear life. He began to shout. Grandfather was too far away to hear. Could he hold on until he came? His mind pictured the ground twenty-five feet below, covered with hard ice. Would Grandfather hear him when he did come? Grandmother, all unconscious of what was happening was making molasses cookies, his favorite. He began to shout again.

His voice was hoarse, and his hands felt as if they would drop off, they were so numb. Minutes seemed hours to the terror-stricken boy holding on to the flag. Hark! was that only the echo of his own sobs? No, it sounded like Grandfather's voice. "Hold on, Fred, I am coming." Nearer and nearer came the welcome sound. Without risking the icy veranda, Grandfather climbed a ladder up to the flag and its burden. When Grandfather's arms clasped him, Fred knew no more. The next task was loosening the frozen fingers from the folds of the flag.

An hour later, wrapped up in a warm blanket and sipping hot ginger tea, Fred said a little weakly, "Old Glory certainly helps a boy. Just think, Grandfather, if it hadn't held."

RUTH LAVANGE '27

A SONNET

To spring I'll write a sonnet,
"I've the dearest Easter bonnet,—
My thoughts are so chaotic
Let's see,—" Here comes the spring
With birds and everything—
"My bonnet sports a wing"—
Sweet roses now are blowing,
Soft emerald grasses growing,
"Again my thoughts are going
My bonnet, dears, is green."

"I must concentrate 'tis plain;
I think and think in vain.
I'm wondering if the rain
Will spot the ribbon on it"
Now with butterfly and hornet
I'll sing a springtime sonnet
"I'm just as pleased as I can be;
My bonnet looks so sweet on me,
I'll try it on,—so you can see
And leave to bards, the poetry."

HAZEL G. EATON '26

THE FRESHMEN WIN

"Well, I hope to tell you, the freshmen will be beaten again this year."

"Yes, they will—maybe."

This conversation was between two students of the Blakely College at South Yarmouth. The first speaker was Dick Williams, a sophomore, and the latter was John Nixon, a freshman.

The sophomore class had beaten the freshmen for five consecutive years, and Williams reasoned that if the former classes could walk away with victory, the class of twenty-six could, too. Only two days remained before the great battle. John Nixon, president of the freshman class, called a meeting of all of the members that night.

Mysterious things happened the next day. A couple of crates of lemons arrived at the college. A hardware store was robbed, and the South Yarmouth Fire Department lost all of its fire extinguishers.

Dick Williams was appointed leader of the Sophomore class, and John Nixon, leader of the freshmen. The rules of the battle were simple. The side that tied up all of its enemies was victorious.

The afternoon that was set aside at Blakely College for a battle, arrived, and the freshmen took their places in front of

some large packing boxes. They were arranged in three ranks. The sophs were in one large body. It was customary that the sophs should rush the freshies.

At three o'clock the whistle blew, and the sophs darted at the freshies. John Nixon was in front of the three ranks of freshies. Suddenly he gave a signal, and the front rank marched off to one side. The second rank had the lost fire extinguishers in their possession.

A fire extinguisher is made up of soda water and sulphuric acid. If any one gets sulphuric acid in his eyes it is sure to make him blind. The sophomores knew this and were retreating before the streams from the chemicals. The first and third ranks had gone around the sophs and were now engaged in tying them up.

All of the sophs were tied except Dick Williams. He fought off the freshies around him only to get a mouthful of the mixture from the last extinguisher. He spat it out quickly.

"Oh, blazes," exclaimed Dick, "all it is, is lemonade."

Dick was right, there was lemon juice and alum potassium in the bottle at the top of the extinguisher. The "Fire Committee" had secured the extinguishers, and the "Sour Committee" bought the lemons and alum potassium.

When soda meets acid, carbon dioxide is formed with violence. John Nixon reasoned that if soda water and alum potassium would effervesce with some violence, a mixture of alum, potassium and lemon juice would act as readily as acid. He tried it one night and it worked; the freshmen were bound to win.

HERBERT COLE '25

EUGENIE

The town was in an uproar; the only cry and thought seemed to be "The Germans! The Germans!" The Germans were making their first attack in France; the first of the week they had been at the border, and a few days later they were far across it. The French people saw that without the help of the people across the sea they would be ruined. A message was sent to the United States for help, and every day after this the French people in a certain village watched, day and night, for the help they knew would come.

Eugenie, a little French girl, who was only in her fourth or fifth year, was the pet of the French army which was camped nearby. After hearing the soldiers speak of the Americans, she could not help but wonder who these people were, and why the French were asking their aid. She loved to think of them as another French people.

"But why," asked Eugenie, "are they to come to France, if they are not French people?"

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SCITUATE MASS

"Because long ago, little one, the French people helped the Americans win their freedom from England, and now the Americans are going to help France," said a soldier who was holding Eugenie, patting her golden locks.

"How far away is America?" asked Eugenie. "Is it that way, or that way, or that way?" said she, as she pointed to the north, south, east and west.

"America is far, far across the Atlantic," said the soldier.

"How long do we have to wait before they will come?" still questioned Eugenie.

The soldier's face took on a sadder expression as he patted the golden locks, and said half to Eugenie, and half to himself, "If they don't come soon, little girl, there will be no France."

As the soldier said this, a pretty, young woman came around the corner of a tent, and smiling, she took Eugenie out of the soldier's arms. Eugenie just couldn't understand why Stanley, the soldier who had been holding her, had kissed her and patted her before her mother took her, nor why, as they were going out the gate of the camp, the soldiers flocked around to kiss her as she went out. She just couldn't understand it.

"They have never done it before," she thought, "so why should they do it now?"

Three days later when Eugenie again went to the camp and ran quickly to Stanley's tent, she wondered where he was.

"Mr. Soldier," she called to a soldier by the gate, "where is my Stanley?"

She wondered why the soldier took her in his arms and said, "Eugenie, not very many of the soldiers you saw here a few days ago are here now. They are in a far better place, where there will be no more fighting, and where there is peace and happiness."

"But why didn't he take me with him? Won't he ever come back? Will be come to see me soon?"

After such explaining the soldier got Eugenie so she understood. But as she told her mother afterwards, "I am goin' to hunt for him, Mother. Don't you think they were only hiding him? Mother, why are you crying?"

After the war had been over many years and Eugenie was ten years old, she understood what she couldn't understand then.

CHRISTINE JESSOME '28

SCHOOL NOTES

MUSIC

Music in Scituate High School has developed seventy-five per cent. since last year. Some may ask why. There are a good many reasons. One is that there is a greater interest taken on the part of the student body this year than ever before. Another is that Mr. Martin and Miss Bradford have both pointed out to us how beneficial music is. Already the Music Department has proved very valuable to the Athletic Association by giving the recent performance, "Frills and Frolics," which netted the Association a large sum of money. In addition to the financial returns, this entertainment showed how Scituate High is advancing in music. It also showed the co-operation between the glee clubs and the teachers.

The reason that we are doing so well in music is that we have two valuable instructors. Miss Bradford is always devising some new plan to help us progress in our work. Another tireless worker is Mr. Martin. Although he does not have as much time as he would like, he is constantly suggesting new ideas which always prove to be successful. Just think, you people who have children in High School, what a privilege they are having. Here is an opportunity for musical training which would cost considerable if it were not provided for in the High School.

The end and aim of music study in our school is to develop in the pupils a love for music as a means of expression through individual and group effort. The emphasis on group activity has been responsible for a tremendous growth of interest in outside activities. The boys' glee club, girls' glee club, orchestra, and band are illustrations of such activities. The necessity for team-work makes the group activity of incalculable value, developing a spirit which is not only of fundamental importance in the achievement of class-room results, but which also promotes the spirit of service to the school and to the community.

The Scituate High School students spent a very enjoyable afternoon on January 13 as guests of the Scituate Woman's Club. An opportunity was given for demonstrations of the work which is being done, in the various departments of the school. A French play, presented by Lois Wilson, James Driscoll and John Prouty, was followed by a Latin play in which Sallie Murphy, Ray Ellis, Winifred Elliott, Harriett Alexander, Winifred Ward and Helen Healy took part, and Grace Towle, acting as an announcer, explained the action of the play. Demonstrations were given in typewriting to compare the speed and accuracy of the student who had studied

one year, and that of the beginning student. The music department was represented by the Glee Clubs and the Orchestra under the direction of Miss Bradford. Several drawings and costumes were hung upon the walls to show what is being done in Mrs. Ward's art classes. The students left at 3.30, and the members of the Woman's Club conducted their usual meeting.

* * * *

Under Miss Pierson's direction, a Latin Club is being organized which will meet every Monday afternoon. It will be unusually interesting to the Latin students and especially to the classes studying Cæsar and Cicero as it is to be organized as a Roman Republic and presided over by Roman officers. As yet the officers have not been chosen, but the club will be well under way in a few weeks.

* * * *

During the last few days, lockers have been installed in both the girls' and boys' basements. They are amply large and will be very convenient, especially for various athletic teams which have had no place for their equipment up to this time.

* * * *

Perhaps at present we are not as interested in watching the development of our school library as we were last year, but we should know that books are being added from time to time by interested townspeople. Mrs. George Welch, who has given so many interesting and valuable books for use in the school, has added to their number by copies of "Types of the Essay" by Heydrick and "How the Other Half Lives" by Riis. The Woman's Club, which has also helped in the project of a school library has given twenty-four volumes of Hawthorne's works. Alice Sexton has given two volumes of essays and novels by the same author. Another useful addition has been "The World's Story" in fifteen volumes, which was received from the town of Scituate early this year.

* * * *

The High School should feel fortunate in being able to hear Mr. Corey's fine talk a few weeks ago, on "The Will to Win." Mr. Corey spoke simply but forcibly and outlined clearly the needed qualities for success in school, in college, and in life. Mr. Corey, who represents Burdett's Business College, has spoken here before, and the students are looking forward to hearing him again soon.

* * * *

The art room is very interesting now, and is open to students outside of the art classes and townspeople who are interested in the work being done. The walls are almost entirely covered with various kinds of work—sketches, both original and copied, portrait work and posters.

RAY ELLIS, '26.

THE JUNIOR "SCRIBBLERS"

The Junior "Scribblers" is the name of the Junior Commercial Class. This name was chosen because, as one of the members remarked, "Commercial work is nothing but scribbling anyway."

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

Hazel Eaton	President
Rose Hernan	Vice-President
Catherine Murphy	Secretary
Marguerite O'Hern	Treasurer
Gladys Wheeler	Reporter for the *Chimes*

The purpose of this club is to promote further interest in the Commercial work. The club members are planning to give a little play in the near future in the Assembly Hall, and rehearsals are already under way.

G. L. W. '26

DRAMATICS

THE FROLIC

The Frolic, which was presented by the Scituate High School combined glee clubs, was exceptionally good considering that the players were only High School students. The costumes were designed by the art classes and made by the household arts and pageantry classes.

The students co-operated heartily in preparing for the show, and had much enjoyment in doing this work. The Boys' Glee Club gave the first part of the performance, an act entitled "Ship Ahoy." It was a burlesque on "Pinafore" with the addition of songs arranged by Miss Bradford, our supervisor of music.

During the second part of the boys' performance the smaller boys of the Glee Club came in cleverly disguised as girls. Some of the people in the audience were completely deceived until the last part of the performance, when the boys took off their hats and wigs.

During the intermission some of the girls, who acted as ushers, sold candy and favors to the audience. The proceeds from the candy and favors covered the expenses of scenery and costuming.

The girls' part of the performance came next. It was called Frills and Frolics. The opening number was "Memory Lane;" while the harmony girls sang, the rosebud kiddies danced. In the background, the queen of the show, attended by four colonial boys, sat on a large throne.

Then in order of appearance came the end women, the swagger girls, a minuet by the colonial boys and harmony maidens.

Then there were more jokes, a song and dance entitled "'Member When," and the finale.

Mrs. Ward, Miss Barrows and Miss Bradford were presented with bouquets from the students in appreciation of their help and co-operation in arranging the performance. The proceeds from the show covering all expenses was two hundred and fifty dollars. This money went to the Athletic Association. We certainly hope that the public enjoyed this show, and that they will be looking forward to the next entertainment which is to be given soon by the High School.

ROSE HERNAN.

A miss is not always as good as a mile.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Girls' Basketball

A means has been found to shorten the long tedious hours of the winter months for the girls of the Scituate High School by organizing a basketball team. This is the first year that basketball has been played by the girls, and it is being taken up with great interest. The manager elected was Anna Conant. "Gretch" Schyler was appointed as assistant manager. Catherine Murphy was chosen as leader until a captain could be chosen by the team. These managers have already scheduled games with other schools.

A great deal of time is being spent by those going out for

the team, in studying the rules and discussing various points of importance. Some hard practice has been put into this game by the squad, which consists of the greater part of the girls. Every one of them is anxious to get on the team.

The results shown so far are very encouraging. It is hoped that the squad will produce a snappy team, and will be able to stand any other basket ball team representing a school of this size.

The girls are showing good spirit and are co-operating readily in forming a team. CATHERINE MURPHY, '26.

SCITUATE HIGH VS. DUXBURY HIGH

The boys' basketball five scored their first victory Monday night, January 25, when they defeated the Duxbury quintet by a score of 20-19. The boys found it hard, at first, to get the ball through the lanky boys from Duxbury. As a result the first ten minutes of play found Duxbury in the lead. In the second quarter, however, the Scituate boys got their eyes on the hoop and scored enough baskets to put them in the lead. The Duxbury boys caged a few baskets themselves and the end of the half found Scituate leading by two points. During the third quarter the teams played about evenly and the score stood seventeen all. The next period Duxbury caged another basket, but Scituate also found the hoop for another one. Scituate also caged a foul shot, which later proved to be the winning point. The summary:

	G	F	T
McCarthy, rf	5	1	11
Wherity, lf	1	0	2
Morris, c	2	0	4
Driscoll, lb	1	0	2
Curran, rb	0	1	1
	9	2	20

SCITUATE HIGH VS. NORWELL HIGH

Scituate quintet scored their second victory when they defeated Norwell High School in the Town Hall, Monday night, February 2, by a score of 28-15. The team showed up well as a whole and experienced no difficulty in caging their shots. The team has developed a good passing game and did not find it hard to get the ball by the Norwell defense. The line up was as follows:

	G	F	T
McCarthy, rf	7	2	16
Wherity, Prouty	2	0	4
Panetta, lf	0	0	0
Morris, c	2	0	4
Driscoll, Merritt, Appleton, rb	0	0	0
Curran, lb	2	0	4
	13	2	28

Baskets: McCarthy 7, Wherity 1, Prouty 1, Morris 2, Curran 2. Time, four eight minute periods. Referee, W. L. Enos.

R. W. '26

SCITUATE A. A. 2NDS. VS. SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

The boys' basketball team played their first game Wednesday night, January 14, in the Town Hall, Scituate, against the Scituate A. A. Substitutes. Although the boys were defeated, they showed promise of becoming a fast five. They showed Wednesday night that they have developed a fine passing game, but were weak on shooting baskets. The final score was: Scituate A. A. Substitutes 8, Scituate High School 5. The line up was a follows:

	G	F	T
Curran, rf	0	0	0
Wherity, lf, rg	0	1	1
McCarthy, lf, lg	0	0	0
Morris, c	2	0	4
Driscoll, lg, rg	0	0	0
Prouty, rg	0	0	0
Evans, rg	0	0	0
	2	1	5

SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL VS. SCITUATE A. A. 2ND'S

Scituate High School five made it three straight when they defeated Scituate A. A. Second team Wednesday night, February 11, by a score of 27-18. Although the A. A. team was at a disadvantage in playing amateur rules, the high school boys showed they had the better team. The summary:

	G	F	T
McCarthy, rf	3	2	8
Wherity, lf	2	0	4
Morris, c	2	1	5
Driscoll, rb, lf	1	0	2
Prouty, rb	0	0	0
Curran, lb	4	0	8
	12	3	27

Miss Dudley: "You have poor marks because of spelling. What seems to be the trouble?"

Kenny: "Oh, last examination I put too many z's in scissors."

* * * *

L. Morris: "I went to a mind-reader yesterday."

R. Bean: "How did she enjoy her vacation?"

* * * *

Parent: "While you stood at the gate bidding good-bye to my daughter, did it ever dawn on you—

E. Driscoll: "Certainly not, I never stayed as late as that."

"I'll take this pair," said the young athlete who had been looking at track shoes.

"The other make will give you much better service in the long run," said the salesman.

"Oh, but I'm not in any of the long runs. I'm only in the fifty-yard dash."

* * * *

No girl buries her nose so deeply in THE CHIMES that she can't get at it with a powder puff.

* * * *

Some girls are so dumb they think the Mayflower Compact is a new kind of rouge.

* * * *

Colton: "I fell last night and struck my head on the piano."

Panetta: "Hurt yourself?"

Colton: "No, luckily I hit the soft pedal."

* * * *

King: "What ho, the guard!"

Prime Minister: "Sire, the guard has lost his umbrella and it is raining."

Kin: "Then, what ho, the mud-guard."

Eulaila: "Really, I didn't hit you intentionally."
Victim: "What have you got that bumper on your car for if you aren't aiming to hit some one?"

* * * *

Colton: "Gee! I wish I'd lived in pre-historic times."
Lois: "What for?"
Colton: "So I wouldn't have to learn history of course."

* * * *

Excited Tourist (beckoning to cabby): "Hey!"
Cabby: "Look here, mister, stop kiddin' my horse."

* * * *

Ray: "My alarm clock went off this morning at eight-thirty."
Lois: "Hasn't it come back yet?"

* * * *

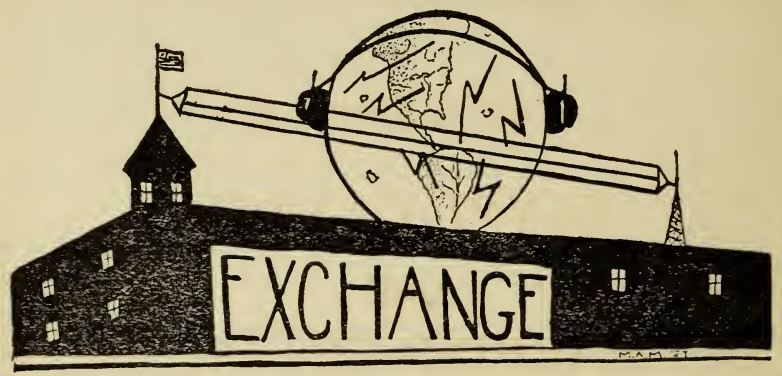
The Joke Editor is the biggest joke I ever saw.

* * * *

Doctor: "I charge ten dollars for my advice."
J. Davy (leaving office rapidly) "T'anks, doctor, I ain't taking it."

* * * *

Judge: "Prisoner, the jury finds you guilty."
Prisoner: "That's all right, judge. I know you're too intelligent to be influenced by what they say."



THE CHIMES has gratefully received the following papers and would like to hear from them again.

The Parrot, Rockland High School, Rockland, Mass. Honor Roll is exceptionally fine. Literary department shows well-planned, thoughtful work.

The Partridge, Duxbury, Mass. A fine selection of stories. Why so little about athletics?

The Hermiad, Hingham, Mass. The descriptions of the "Wind" exceedingly well written. The entire paper well arranged.

The Unquity Echo, Milton, Mass. *The Unquity Echo* certainly is a wonderful specimen of the pupils' work at Milton High.

The Par-Sem, Parsonfield Seminary, Maine. Literary department good. Cuts excellent.

The Hanoverian, Hanover High School. Joke department good; also literary.

The Metonomy Beacon, Your editorials are good. Where is your exchange column?

The Students' Pen, East Bridgewater, Mass. We see that the cross-word puzzle craze has reached East Bridgewater High. "To an Uncovered Wagon", very cleverly written.

The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass. Your literary department is excellent, especially the Poets' Corner.

The Echo, Abington, Mass. Your literary and athletic departments are well arranged and very interesting.

The Wampatuck, Braintree High School. An excellent paper. Your poems and "Wise Cracks" good.

The Meteor, Berlin, New Hampshire. Your paper is very well arranged. The literary department is very interesting and we envy your exchange column.

The Eastoner, No. Easton, Mass. Your editorials well written.

EDGAR HYLAND,
Exchange Editor.

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